THE JEWISH TIMES.

INDEPENDENT IN ALL THINGS.

VOLUME I. SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., FRIDAY, MARCH 19, 1880. NUMBER 4.

Poetry.

A SERMON.

It wasn't no great thing of a baby,
Was rather inclined to be thin—
Was peaked, and had a peculiar
And chalky kind of a skin.
Its eyes were its principal feature—
Were black, and wide open and bright,
And seemed, I must say, kind o' scary—
The rest of its face was so white.

It didn't look wholesome by no means;
Too solemn, strange-lookin' and old,
And coughed like it might have been forty,
Laid up with a settled cold.
It never was blessed with a rattle,
Or any such frivolous thing,
But gravely kept pace in its fingers
Three buttons tied on to a string.

Its parent (the usual number bein'
Short by a matter of one)
Was proud of the little old specimen,
And appeared to consider it A. 1.
That isn't no way to express it—
She worshiped it, as I may say,
And early and late, at night and mornin',
She starved for it every day.

Time was when she wasn't no better
Than what she ought to have been,
But when she came out pale and friendless
From the hospital what she'd been in,
A carryin' that solemn white baby,
She gave up the old sinful trade,
And since then she hasn't done nothin'
But work for her daily bread.

She's lived in this garret for six months,
A makin' up weskits and such,
And its very well known that them sewers
Don't realize fortunes—not much!
And there in the corner the baby
Sat quiet, and scarce ever stirred—
Sat there wide awake with its buttons
And never remarkin' a word.

In the winter and spring she had sewed
Sufficient to keep her alive,
But with the warm weather her matters
Somehow didn't seem to thrive;
And then the poor delicate baby
Got sick as the summer grew hot;
But with all of the woman's hard trials,
She never complained of her lot.

When sewin' fell off she took to washin',
Whenever she got it to do;
But I'm sure that she often went hungry—
Who knows what that woman went through?
She carried her work back and forwards,
Although she was never quite strong,
But wherever she went with her bundles
She tugged the sick baby along.

I helped her sometimes, but I couldn't
Do much with what little I had;
Though it gave me the heart-ache,
Her face was so pitiful sad.
When she had to go without eatin'
The baby got little, of course;
Dear me! It was painful to hear it,
Its cough was so hollow and hoarse.

Last week it grew worse, and the mother
Give up going out on the street,
And yesterday mornin' I come up
To bring her a mouthful to eat.
She looked at me, haggard and mournful—
She "couldn't eat nothin'," she said.
Last night, as the shadows was fallin',
They was both of 'em there—dead.

It doesn't seem likely they're parted,
Though I make no pretense to be wise,
That child would have grown up to be some-thin'
(If he'd lived), with them wonderful eyes.
He must have been born for a preacher;
I've a notion—but may be I'm queer—
That he's preachin' a beautiful sermon
This minute, for them that can hear.

PELEG ARKWRIGHT.

SONG FOR APRIL.

From myriads of tiny flowers
That gem the hills;
From April's mild, refreshing showers
And sparkling rills,
God breathes his love.

The freshening life now budding,
In grass and grain;
The glorious hues now flooding
The fertile plain,
Bespeak God's love.

Things We Can't Stand.

The turning of the worm is almost more pitiable than its patient endurance, yet when a man says his patience is exhausted he does not always excite the sympathy which might be expected. The sufferer's argument is that he has already been too enduring, but that he has been driven to such extremities that he cannot be expected to bear up any longer. The looker-on, on the other hand, reasons that, if the sufferer did not wish for persecution, he should have nipped it in the bud; but that, if he wanted to be a martyr, it would be a pity he should lose all credit for his past endurance, and forfeit his crown just as it is within his grasp, by turning upon his tormentors at an advanced stage of their proceedings. The explosion of passion which usually accompanies an announcement that the limit of endurance has been reached, is in itself particularly unattractive, and the condition into which the victim afterwards relapses is even more so. When a man says, "This is a thing which I can't and won't stand," he generally means that, upon this point, he becomes mule-like and impervious to argument; that he has *said* he will not stand it, and he *will* not stand it, and that nothing which anybody can do or say will move him. The process of reducing a fellow-creature to such a condition of mind as this is described by the profane youth of the day as "getting a rise out of him," and people of certain temperaments are singularly susceptible of its influence. The most distinctive impulse of a man who has been "rising freely" is a desire to write to some newspaper or dignitary; and it is a symptom of his insanity that he imagines a letter to the *Times* or the Bishop will be an unfailing remedy for his wrongs. His own view of the position differs materially from that of his friends. "Here," he says, "I make a stand." "Here," say they, "he becomes doggedly obstinate."

There must, we should think, be but few married people who cannot call to mind instances of declarations that something or other cannot and will not be stood. However affectionate and sympathetic two natures may be, it is scarcely possible that they should agree upon every subject. The suppression of their divergent opinions and wishes, if long continued, puts a great strain upon their tempers, and they are hardly human if that strain does not sooner or later prove too strong for the equanimity of one or the other of them. Each has long been aware of concessions made, and it is apt to be forgotten that concessions received have to a great extent been accepted in payment. At last an evening arrives when one of the turtle-doves is over-tired, annoyed by some irrelevant circumstance, or slightly attacked by indigestion. At this unhappy moment its mate innocently lays on a small straw, which proves to be the last. "I can bear a great deal," is the rejoinder, "but this is a thing which I can't and won't stand!" Then follows a scene. It may be short. Possibly in half an hour the combatants may be laughing heartily at the absurdity of the whole thing, or a dose of medicine may soon calm the feelings of the injured party; but nature has asserted itself, and has proved the rule that no substance is so elastic as to bear unlimited extension. There are certain domestic incidents which seem as if prearranged to act as safety-valves to the engines of connubial life. Among these is house furnishing, an occupation which often affords opportunities of relieving the high-pressure of the matrimonial machine. Perhaps everything goes smoothly until either the husband or wife—let us say the latter—takes a special fancy for something of rather a pronounced description. The husband does not quite like it, and, when he objects, his taste is openly called in question. Bored with his morning's shopping, and irritated at being accused of want of taste, he relieves his mind by saying, "Anything within the limits of human reason I am willing to submit to, but on that gaudy blue damask I put my decided veto. In the first place, it looks crude; in the second, it would soon fade; in the third, it is atrociously expensive." The scenic effect which follows this speech when the happy pair are alone is apt to be more grand than edifying. The wife expresses her astonishment at her husband's exhibition of ill-temper and bad taste, a combination which she considers quite unendurable, "and before the shopmen, too." Let him furnish the house as he pleases, she washes her hands of the whole thing. Pets, too, often act as safety-valves. "I really cannot stand that beast in the drawing-room," says the loving helpmate. "Which do you love most, me or my dog? Take your choice!" Many a pet has thus helped to relieve the monotony of married life. When a wife says she cannot stand something, it generally means that she is going to cry, and her power of putting an end to controversy by tears gives her a decided advantage over her husband, whose face, when he "can stand it no more," appears more grotesque than tragic. A man rarely looks graceful when he is put out. He is almost certain to do something ungainly. He either pulls his whiskers, bites his nails, or puts his hands in his pockets; and, instead of weeping gracefully, as a woman would, he snorts. We believe, however, that there are husbands of the shorn lamb type, from whom an untempered matrimonial breeze will call forth tears, or at any rate sobs, and it must be indeed terrible to such poor creatures to find themselves in the hands of an enraged virago. It might be well if they would follow the example of Whyte-Melville's "General Bounce," who, when he could stand it no longer," always went to bed, whatever the hour. To our mind, the meanest of all procedures, when patience is exhausted, is the use of the phrase, "You will be sorry for this some day, when I am gone." We regard this as one of the most despicable ruses ever invented by woman, and one meriting summary rebuke—we were almost going to say chastisement. Again, the strain of excessive dissipation is often the cause of a conjugal snap. The husband may bear perpetual rounds of visits, successions of visitors, and numberless balls with tolerable equanimity; but, when preparations are made for private theatricals in his house, when his drawing-room is turned into a theater and his study into a green-room, when his home is overrun for a fortnight by a troupe of amateur actors, and his peace disturbed by perpetual rehearsals, it can scarcely be a matter of surprise if he exclaims in desperation, "Anything else you please, but this I can't and won't stand." Who can deny that he would be amply justified where he to shut himself up in his dressing-room (if, indeed, he had the good fortune to have that chamber left to him) and remain there until the theatricals were over, reading the book of Job and meditating on the only source of consolation remaining to him—namely, that his body was not covered with sores.—*Saturday Review.*

The Origin and Destruction of Worlds.

Professor Rudolph Falk, a distinguished German savant, lately delivered an interesting lecture in New York. The first question discussed was: What was in the beginning? In the beginning was matter, he said, and matter requires force and space; but these have no beginning and no end, being eternal. Only through physical, mathematical and astronomical research can an idea of the origin of the universe be formed. Copernicus was the first to enter, in 1540, on this safe and trustworthy road to knowledge. He upset the primitive idea that our earth is the centre of the universe, and proved it to be a planet, moving with other, similarly constructed bodies around the sun. The next important step was taken by Kant (1724–1804), who established the principle that this harmonious movement in the planetary system had its origin in one common power, the primitive nebula, which, in consequence of cooling off and rotation, became condensed, and moved at a constantly innreasing pace. By this means nebular rings were thrown out and developed into planets, which by the same process formed their satellites. The proof of the correctness of Kant's theory was not secured until 1859, when Bunsen and Kirchoff discovered the spectral analysis, whereby it is not only possible to determine whether a heavenly body is fluid, solid or vaporous, but of what substances it is composed. By means of this wonderful invention, it was discovered that the sun contains no substance which does not occur in the formation of our earth, and thus the theory of Kant and Laplace that all planets have a common origin, has become an accepted principle. Herschel extends it to the fixed stars and to over three thousand nebulæ.

He concluded his lecture with his theory of the future of our globe, and the lecturer further contended that, in consequence of the immense attractions of the sun, all planets gradually approach the great centre, and will finally again be absorbed by their parent. The moon gets nine feet nearer the sun each year, and the earth is also on her way to her primitive home. But long before she is absorbed all her life will be extingnished by the ocean, which, in consequence of the approaching moon, will break over its bounds and destroy everything.

Chinese Freemasons.

THE LODGE "LONG WE TONG ENG WI" DULY INCORPORATED IN NEW YORK BY THE HEIRS OF "1,000 YEARS OF MASONRY."

Among the visitors at Supreme Court, Chambers, yesterday were five Chinamen—Wang A. Leeng, James C. Baptiste, Domingo de Luce, Wang Yee and Tom Yee—who appeared before Judge Lawrence as the incorporators of the "Long We Tong Eng Wi," which, being interpreted, means "The Order and Brotherhood of Masons," the object of which is "to promote friendship, brotherly love and service to the Supreme Being by mutual succor in distress and aid in sickness, poverty, adversity and affliction." The certificate of incorporation was granted by Judge Lawrence. As the celestial Masons were leaving the building a reporter of the *World* stopped and asked one of them what the work of the association was to be and whether it was to be affiliated with the Masonic Order or not. In reply Mr. Baptiste, who speaks English fluently and reads it with perfect ease, said: "The association is what Americans would call a lodge of Freemasons, and our object is to benefit and assist all mankind, Freemasons generally, and Freemasons from China in particular."

"If you are Freemasons why don't you apply for a charter from the Grand Lodge of New York?" asked the reporter.

"We have had that under consideration for some time and have taken the advice of several American Masons, who, however, are divided as to the advisability of such an application. To avoid any question being raised, we have decided to form a lodge of Chinamen and to do our work in our lodge-room."

"When did you first become a Mason!"

"I was first made a Mason in China long before I came to America."

"Have you ever been tried by an American Mason?"

"Oh, yes, more than once. In China we have had both English and American Freemasons in our lodges."

"Is there any very great difference observable in the examination by Americans of Chinese, and vice versa?"

"No, none in the signs and grips. The great trouble is in the language, although both rituals mean the same thing, and our passwords, although different in sound, have the same significance."

"Have you any idea of the origin and antiquity of Masonry in China?"

"Oh, yes. I have studied the subject, but it is too much to discuss at this time, and under these circumstances; but one thing I will tell you, and that is that the ritual used in China has been handed down unaltered for over a thousand years."

"Can you produce any evidence to substantiate that assertion?"

"I can, and will be happy to do so if you will call at my house at any time"; and handing his card to the reporter, Mr. Baptiste passed on. His lodge is the first establishment among the Chinamen on the Atlantic coast.—*New York World.*

Christianizing the Jews.

The Association for the promotion of Christianity among the Jews held their annual mutual admiration meeting last Sunday afternnon in the Protestant Episcopal Church, Fifteenth and Chestnut streets. Rev. Dr. Richard Newton comforted the audience with his views as to "God's purpose concerning Israel," about which he appears to have had some special revelations. It was stated that the apostate Jew, Louis C. Newman, who is the paid missionary of the Society, was suffering from a severe illness and had been unable to prepare his report. Now we can readily understand why this Newman was absent, because we happen to know he was sufferiug from illness caused by having over-eaten himself at the Union League House; but why he could not prepare his report before the last moment, we can only comprehend on the supposition he had nothing satisfactory to present.

Rev. Dr. Childs made a statement for the Missionary in which, among other things, he claims to have baptized two adults (probably *schnorrers*), and three helpless infants, doubtless lent for the occasion, to effect which, this religious tramp claims to have travelled over 3,000 miles of territory. How much money was spent by him does not appear. And this wretched farce is yearly enacted and the fun has not yet become apparent to the deluded zealots, who annually go to hear the performance, and contribute their means to keep up the deception, while the well-fed apostate missionary laughs in his sleeve.

The *Episcopal Recorder* of this city, publishes the following paragraph, which some pious fraud has fabricated, and which has gone the rounds of the daily press:

"More Jews have been converted to Christianity in this than in any previous age. Conversions are reckoned at 100,000 since 1800, and now increase at the rate of more than 1,000 a year."

From this the *Recorder* draws consolation and exhorts its readers to go on in their work of making good Christians out of bad Jews. That this statement (which doubtless includes all countries where conversion societies exist, although it does not say so) is untrue, we need scarcely assert—it bears the stamp of falsehood on its face, and the statements of all these societies combined, as made by themselves, cannot approximate, by one-eighth, the foregoing figures.

By way of illustration, we will take a few facts from the records of the Philadelphia Society, as far as they are made public, giving them all the credit they claim:

From 1858 to 1863 (five years), six adults and twelve children were converted. In 1863 five children were baptized, and not a single adult, at a cost of $1,262 19; in 1870, there were no conversions; in 1871, no conversions—expenses $3,476 79; in 1873, no conversions—cost of missionary services $4,294 33; in 1874, still no conversions—mission expenses $4,946 94; in 1876, Newman reports five adults under instructions (learning how to dissemble),—expenses $3,846 97; in 1878, two children were baptized—expenses $2,241 76. The report for that year states that since the organization of this society, up to the close of the year 1878, a period of twenty years, the whole number of baptisms of apostates and chlidren were one hundred and one, which is about five per annum at their own estimate, without allowing for those who afterwards deserted the Christian fold.

This is but a miserably small contribution towards "one thousand a year!" Besides, these pious lightning calculators ignore altogether the conversions from Christianity to Judaism, and we assert positively (although we deprecate the practice altogether), that the number of Christian men and women, who, for matrimonial reasons embrace Judaism to secure comfortable homes, exceed the baptisms by the conversionists, ten to one.

But the world likes to be humbugged; apostate adventurers, like Newman, Rossi valley and others, must be provided for; therefore these perambulating offices must be maintained. Vive la humbug.—*Philadelphia Jewish Record.*

First boy: "Where yer bin, Billy?" Second boy: "Bin fishing." First boy: "Ketch anything?" with an expression on his face. Far-seeing second boy: "No, but I expect ter when I git in the house."

Baby is Dead.

"Baby is dead!" Three little words passing along the line; copied somewhere and soon forgotten.

But after all was quiet again I leaned my head upon my hand and fell into a sad reverie of all that those words might mean.

Somewhere—a dainty form, still and cold, unclasped by mother's arms tonight. Eyes that yesterday were bright and blue as skies of June, dropped tonight beneath white lids that no human voice can ever raise again.

Two soft hands, whose rose-leaf fingers are wont to wander lovingly over mother's neck and face, loosely holding white buds, quietly folded in confined rest.

Soft lips, yesterday rippling with laughter, sweet as woodland brook-falls, gay as trill of forest bird, to-night unresponsive to kiss or call of love.

A silent home—the patter of baby feet forever hushed—a cradle bed unpressed. Little shoes half worn—dainty garments—shoulder-knots of blue to match those eyes of yesterday, folded with aching heart away.

A tiny mound, snow-covered in some quiet graveyard.

A mother's groping touch, in uneasy slumber, for the fair head that shall never again nestle in her bosom. The low sob, the bitter tear, as broken dreams awake to sad reality. The hopes of future years wrecked, like fair ships that suddenly go down in sight of land.

The watching of other babies, laughing, dimpled, strong, and this one gone! The present agony of grief, the future emptiness of heart, all held in those three little words, "Baby is dead."

Indeed, it is well that we can carelessly copy and soon forget the many words that are so freighted with grief and woe to those who receive and send them. And yet it cannot harm us now and then to give a tender thought to those for whom our careless pen-stroke is preparing such a weight of grief.—*Telegraph Operator.*

Intellect in Brutes.

One evening, soon after my arrival in Eastern Asam, and while the five elephants were, as usual, being fed opposite the Bungalow, I observed a young and lately caught one step up to a bamboo-stake fence and quietly pull one of the stakes up. Placing it under foot, it broke a piece off with the trunk, and after lifting it to its mouth, threw it away. It repeated this twice or thrice, and then drew another stake and began again. Seeing that the bamboo was old and dry, I asked the reason of this, and was told to wait and see what it would do. At last it seemed to get a piece that suited, and holding it in the trunk firmly, and stepping the left fore-leg well forward, passed the piece of bamboo under the armpit, so to speak, and began to scratch with some force. My surprise reached its climax when I saw a large elephant-leech fall on the ground, quite 6 inches long, and as thick as one's finger, and which, from its position, could not easily be detached without this scraper, or scratch, which was deliberately made by the elephant. I subsequently found that it was a common occurrence. Leech-scrapes are used by every elephant daily. On another occasion, when traveling at a time of year when the large flies are so tormenting to an elephant, I noticed that the one I rode had no fan or wisp to beat them off with. The mahout, at my order, slackened pace, and allowed her to go to the side of the road, where for some moments she moved along rummaging the smaller jungle on the bank; at last she came to a cluster of young shoots well branched, and after feeling among them, and selecting one, raised her trunk, and neatly stripped down the stem, taking off all the lower branches and leaving a fine bunch on top. She deliberately cleaned it down several times, and then laying hold at the lower end broke off a beautiful fan or switch about five feet long, handle included. With this she kept the flies at bay as we went along, flapping them off on each side every now and then. Say what we may, these are both really *bona fide* implements, each intelligently made for a definite purpose.—*Nature.*

Death of a Newsboy.

The following description of the death of a poor newsboy, taken from the Detroit *Free Press*, is as touching as Dicken's death scene of "Poor Joe":

I looked at the boy, whose years numbered fourteen or fifteen, and saw in the white face, hollow cheeks and the unearthly bright eyes, the unmistakable marks of that dread disease which places its victims beyond all hope—consumption.

On the table lay an old Bible, its yellow pages lying open where the mother had finished reading. The boy's mind was wandering. He was too weak to cough, and the accumulation in his throat could not be removed.

"Shine yer boots—shine 'em up for a nickel—morning paper, sir?" came in feeble accents from the pillow. "Paper, sir? Morning paper? All about the"—

And the sufferer made an effort to clear his throat, which occasioned something like a death rattle.

The mother was on her knees at the lounge sobbing, and Jack, her other son, who had brought me to the room, was by her side crying.

I lifted the wasted frame and moistened the poor boy's parched lips and tongue with water from the cracked glass that stood on the window sill. He felt the cool hand on his brow, and his mind came back to him.

"Oh, I'm so glad you have come home. I shan't sell any more papers or black boots, Jack; but don't cry. Mother's been readin' somethin' better'n newspapers to me, Jack, and I know where I'm goin'.

"Give my kit to Tom Jones. I owe him twenty cents. Bring all your money home to mother, Jack. Keep my badge bright, Jack.

"I wonder If I'll be 'papers' or 'boots'—up there? Good-by, mother; good-by, Jack. See 'em shine, Morning"—— Jim, the newsboy, was dead.—*Companion.*

Keep Your Promise.

One of the most eminemt of British statesmen is said to have traced his own sense of the sacredness of a promise to a curious lesson he got from his father when he was a boy. When home for the holidays, and walking with his father in the garden, his father pointed to a wall which he intended to have pulled down. "Oh," said the boy, "I should like to see a wall pulled down." "Well, my boy, you shall," said the father. The thing, however, escaped his memory, and during the boy's absence a number of improvements were being made, and among them this wall was torn down and a new one was built up in its place. When the boy came home he saw it, he said: "Oh, father, you promised to let me see that wall pulled down." Instantly the father remembered his promise, and was deeply pained to think that he had seemed careless about his plighted word. "My boy," he said, "you are right, I did promise, and I ought not to have forgotten it. It is too late now to do just what I said I would; but you wanted to see a wall pulled down, and so you shall." And he actually ordered the masons up and made them pull down and rebuild the new wall, that as near as possible his promise might be made good. "It cost me twenty pounds," he said to a friend who was bantering him; "but," he added, "if it had cost a hundred, I should have thought it a cheap way of impressing on my boy's mind as long as he lives the importance that a man of honor should always attach to his plighted word—*Selected.*

The Aurora Borealis.

Herr Esmark, who has sqent many years in surveying the northern lights, says: "The aurora is never seen during extreme cold or northerly winds, but appears when an ordinary arctic temperature is raised by southerly and westerly winds, aad is generally followed by sonw. In the southeastern part of Norway it seems to be especially caused by southeasterly winds, which are there very moist and rather warm. Its appearance is always accompanied by a falling barometer. In my opinion the phenomenon is due to the following causes: When a wind laden with warmth, moisture and electricity comes in contact with a body of cold air, the moisture is converted into snow, the warmth and electricity are thereby released, and the aurora is the resnlt of the disturbances. The northern lights cannot occur in very high latitudes, because the warm, moist air is cooled long before it reaches them." In this way Herr Esmark would account for the splendid appearance of the aurora in northern Norway, where the sea winds, bringing warmth, moisture and electricity from the ocean are met by the cold winds from the interior.

The Newspapers of the World.

The German papers publish the following figures concerning the newspapers and periodicals in existence: In Germany there are 3,778; in Austria, 1,200; in England, 2,500; in France, 2,000; in Italy, 1,926; in Russia, 500. Altogether there are in Europe 13,600 newspapers and periodicals. In Asia there are 388; in Africa, 50; in America, 9,129; and in Austaalia, 100. The number for the whole world is 23,290.

It is thought at the Treasury Department that the total receipts from customs for this month will be nearly $15,000,000. The receipts from internal revenue will be about $9,000,000. Taking this as a basis, it is estimated that the total customs receipts of the Government for the fiscal year ending June 30 next, will be about $153,000,000, and from internal revenue $117,000,000. Including receipts from miscellaneous sources, there will be a total of about $300,000,000. It is calculated at the Department that the total expenditures, including the sinking fund and the interest on the public debt, will foot up between $275,000,000 and $278,000,000. These are very gratifying figures, especially when compared with those of other nations.

Between two evils, choose neither.

The Jewish Times

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San Francisco, Friday, March 19, 1880.

We are favored with more "phenomenal weather and with more of it than it seems to us that we really need, or can enjoy. In the night of the 8th inst. we had the fiercest "norther" of all the years, and again in the night of the 12th, we had another which was not a moderate one; but neither of these did the amount of damage which one would have anticipated, who was exposed for a time to the fury of the blast. There was injury done, however, and much of it; but its effects were widely dispersed, and therefore felt heavily by only a few. The incidental damage is probably the greatest of all, that of the sudden drying, dessicating, baking, the whole surface of the country, and killing everything which had no depth of earth. The frosts and cold had put back the season a month, and such winds as these will retard it another week or two; and they may bring some sort of a blight upon orchard and field. The special use of a norther at this particular season, our cultivators have not yet discovered; but we must presume that it has its deep, if hidden, uses.

De Lesseps, the builder of the Suez Canal, has been to Panama to inaugurate his Darien Canal, and has been to New York to be feasted and toasted. He is now on the way to California. He is a man of worth and note and has earned his fame by distinguished service. He is a Viscount of France, and was in the Diplomatic service, awhile, and constructed the Suez Canal in ten years, from 1859. He is 74 years old, but full of life, activity, and enterprise. He will rank as one of the first engineers of this age, and of all the ages. His reasons for a canal of 45 miles' length, at Panama, excavated to the sea surface, with only a tide-lock to regulate the level, are very cogent; and we hope his views will prevail. A ship canal is an expensive affair, at best; and the proposed one will cost more than $175,000,000. It will take about ten years to build it; and it will make a wonderful gap through the hills when it shall have been excavated. We hope he will live to complete the gigantic task.

What Constitutes Nationality. II.

Supplementing the views of Boeckh, the learned professor presents his own conclusions at which he had arrived many years ago respecting the value of descent in the consideration of nationality. The question: what is a people? seems to be used in the same sense that we make divisions in natural history. As we ask what resemblance must exist between two plants or two animals that we may class them into one family or species, so people ask what must two men have in common in order to belong to one people. But the idea of a people is not taken from a bodily or zoological point of view, but from a spiritual. Language is one of the most decisive tests of a common nationality. But it is not the exclusive test. The true nature and essence of nationality is only to be understood from the mind. The elements that constitute a people are not so much descent, language, etc., but the *feeling*, which makes them regard themselves as belonging to *one* people. With plants and animals it is the naturalist that classifies them in accordance with their characteristic features, but human beings we ask, to which people they class themselves. As far as race and tribe are concerned, they are determined by the scientists; but as far as nation is concerned; man determines himself. This spirit of a common nationality is fostered and developed by a common history in the widest sense of the word. Pestilence and famine know no distinction of religion, descent or language, but as a common fate they unite the hearts of people. The blessings of peace and sacrifices of war are common to all. Fighting side by side on the battle-field, men sanctify their brotherhood with blood. It is the human will that decides the question of nationality. A common history is auxiliary in binding tribes together into the union of the nation. Rumelin, chancellor of the University of Tubingen, is quoted as saying: "Not every place where one is born is a home, not every land of the fathers a fatherland. By a common state and a common law I may be fettered to those whose language I do not understand and whose customs, education and faith are foreign to me. Human freedom ranks above all these single powers of attraction. I can tear myself away from everything, go to strangers and speak with King David's ancestor: 'Thy people shall be my people and thy God shall be my God.' *My people are those whom I regard as mine own, and to whom I feel myself bound by indissoluble ties.*'" After giving some further quotations from the same author he comes down to the question: What are we German Jews—to what nationality do we belong? And the answer is, "Nothing but Germans, as far as the idea of nationality is concerned." Not language alone, which would suffice according to Boeckh's definition, but the land which they inhabit, the state which they serve, the laws which they obey, the science which teaches them, the culture which enlightens them, the art which elevates them—they all join to make of the Jews there Germans. Mother-tongue and fatherland are German; there were their cradles, and there are the graves of their fathers through many generations; the beginning and the end of their lives are there. Only by descent they are not Germans; they are Jews, consequently Semites. But neither are the other parts of the German nation all Germans by descent. It is descent alone by which the German Jews are distinguished from their fellow-citizens, but just in this point the latter differ materially from each other. There may be very many people of poor German descent, but they are not to be recognized from the rest. In spite of German descent, one may belong to another people, as the Swiss or many Americans. One may, on the other hand, belong to the German nation without sharing with them a common descent, like the Slavs on the Elbe, or the Prussians proper. Were not Leibnitz and all those ending in ity, witz, itzsch, ky, and ow evidently of a foreign stock. In many parts of Germany you can find French colonists; they *descend* from the French, but they are Germans, although their generations have lived in Germany for a much shorter period than the Jews. Would it not appear ridiculous, nay, as treason against the German nation, if one should assert Kant did not belong to it? Kant was not a German because he was by descent a Scotchman. His ancestors, whose immigration was known to him, and even his father, had yet spelled the name *Cant*.

(To be continued.)

Boors.

In that institution of modern culture and refinement commonly known as society, there exists and flourishes an element, which, though not esential to its development, is still one of its indispensable adjuncts. I have reference to the "boors." They are of both sexes, male and female; and, while the former is certainly disagreeable, the latter is decidedly obnoxious. In speaking of "boors" I intend to specify that class of people who are unable to comprehend the "proper fitness of things." They generally appear when least desired; they certainly always interrupt convesation, in endeavoring to give their own opinion of matters; and strive to convert you to their belief in the most arbitrary manner; they pretend to know more than is really the fact, and if cornered with reference to their capabilities, have some lame apology for not showing the same that moment. They are, in short, officious ignorants.

But while these are the main characteristics of the "boors" in general, there exists a difference among them when sexes are concerned.

The male boor, generally speaking, is a person who dresses well and with taste, he has a passable figure, and his income permits him to indulge liberally in social enjoyments; he imagines himself the cynosure of all eyes; tells people all about himself and others, is not over conscientious about facts, delights in monopolizing a parlor full of company, in the firm belief that everybody is enchanted by his wit and grace, is exceedingly good-natured and inoffensive, on the whole, and to conclude with, a fool in the highest state of development, to get rid of whom, is impossible.

The female boor, on the contrary, acts on a different plan; while the male is exceedingly vivacious, our gentle friend is exceedingly languid; she dresses according to "her" taste, and pooh-poohs the idea of fashions, which she considers only a fit subject for "giddy girls;" she has a smattering of the poets, and tells you that she has had musical instruction, mentioning at the same time the price "pa" paid for the same; her conversation smacks of petty scandal; she criticises all persons she meets and sees, and knows everything about everybody; she generally philosophizes, is an atheist (which by the way is her favorite theme), and tell her you saw her at devotion last Saturday or Sunday, she remarks that her going there is simply "for dear pa's sake." While occasionally the male can be used as the butt for fun and sarcasm, propriety forbids us attempt such an act upon the female; while the male is good-natured, with all his petty conceit, the female is rather ascetic and very liable to be impertinent, excusing herself from being the latter by calling it "candor"; she has no friends, for, as she says, "there are so few with whom I care to associate, still fewer whom I care to call friends," Sour grapes, sour grapes—how gladly would they make friends could they only find them. The less we associate with such characters, the better we shall find ourselves; for with their ignorance and petty selfishness they malign the innocent, repudiate all truth and justice, and shun no means to attain their object.

SNAG.

Desultory.

The logic of the remark attributed to the first Napoleon, who, on being asked by a lady, which, of all women, he preferred, is said to have curtly replied: "The one who has the most children." We cannot help thinking that, regarding the question from the speaker's own point of view, and taking into account the imperial predilection for conscript-bearing matrons, a more appropriate and intelligible answer would have been: "The one who makes the most marriages." For it is an undeniable fact, that as far at least as the Jewish portion of society is concerned, were it not for the zealous co-operation of these matrimonial advocates, the hymenal functions of the Rev. Dr. So-and-so would seldom be in requisition. In the present state of society, it is an understood thing that for a girl to remain single, is a tacit reproach not only to her near and distant relatives, but to womankind in general. The sevices of every Jewish matron are brought to bear upon the knotty point of Who is the damsel to marry? All is done in a quiet, business-like way; the eligible young men and the unprovided young ladies are enumerated and discussed in family conclaves, their relative fortunes and "expectancies" compared, and any collateral advantage, possessed by either, in the shape of positions or influential connections duly weighed in the balance. It is, however, only fair to say that the majority of marriages contracted in this fashion turn out far better than might be expected, and more than one modern Philemon and Baucis might be cited in Jewish society, who, at the period of their betrothal, had scarcely a single thought or feeling in common, and had drifted into wedlock with the consolatory reflection, that their partner for life having been already selected for them, they were spared the perplexing alternative of choosing for themselves. However good the plan may work in some cases, it is far preferable to let young ladies and gentlemen be their own matchmakers. And the way children are brought up now-a-days, there is little fear but that young ladies will make their own marriages with a very shrewd look to the money involved. So-and-so many silk dresses, seal skin cloaks and bonnets, are calculations entered into before the ridiculous notions of preference or love can hold any place in the charmer's mind. Helping a husband, being unto him something above a finely dressed doll, are questions which never trouble the modern maidens. An amusing incident which exactly illustrates the feeling of some young ladies in reference to what love is, might be recited in recurring to the old story of the grandmother who related to her granddaugher the story of her betrothal: "My love," said the old lady "your grandfather asked me if I loved him, and I said yes." Eager granddaughter (disappointedly), "Was that all?" Grandmother (ruminatingly), "No, not exactly; I think he asked me if I could cook *nudel soup*." Granddaughter (sniffing up her nose), "I wouldn't have married him then; he couldn't have supposed you a lady."

Parents have a great deal to do with the grabbing propensity daily growing into a habit by the fair sex, and which increases in strength the higher the lady is in the social scale. Young girls should never be allowed to accept presents of any real value from their admirers. If only young ladies, who are always laying traps to win what they are pleased to call "bets," could hear what is said of them by their victims, they would not "bet." Then the habit of levying booty from all acquaintances on a marriage is a bad one. It is the blackmail of good society. Generally a number of vulgar, rich people give very expensive presents in order to hear their names chronicled among the donors. This obliges many of the real friends of the girl to buy articles for her, which costs more than they can well afford to pay. These marriage presents are becoming more and more distasteful, and as in the case of a recent Cincinnati wedding, might be done away with altogether.

A story comes to us from a source which cannot be questioned. It is as follows: A Jewish merchant lately engaged a young painter for the purpose of having his own and his wife's portrait conveyed to posterity. The terms were haggled about, but finally arranged. "How long do you think it will take?" asked the model. "Perhaps thirty days," was the reply. Sittings began, and the artist entered so heartily into his work that in twenty-five days the portraits were finished. "Why," asked the patron when the fact was announced to him, "do you intend suppressing five days' work?" "It does not matter at all, the portraits are finished," answered the painter. "Well sir, this is not business; we said five hundred dollars and thirty days' work. I am quite ready to stand the price, but you ought not to spend an hour less upon the work than was agreed upon." There was no use in arguing with such a man. The painter took his brush again and spent five sittings more in lengthening, little by little, in the portrait, the ears of his patron.

An amusing incident was that which occurred to a sentimental young man who improved the occasion of giving a music lesson, by indulging in the blissfulness of "spooning." They were alone and *dolce* was to be played. "What does that mean?" she asked. "Softly and sweetly!" he said, looking at her in a soft, sweet manner. "*Legato!* what does that mean?" she asked. "Connected, joined together," said he, putting his arm around her. Just at that moment in came her father, who also understood musical terms. He cried: "*Staccato!* detached—separate!" And they flew apart.

Not only detectives, but policemen, expect a gratuity when they recover stolen property. It is evident that this system must lead to great abuses. In no case should a public officer be permitted to receive a gratuity for services rendered to the public. If your property is stolen, you have a right as a tax-payer, to expect that the police will use their best efforts to recover it, and to bring the thieves to justice. As it is, they are far more interested in serving a rich man than a poor man, and thus that equality before the law, which is the corner-stone of justice, is not maintained.

Many of our Christian neighbors are now observing the Lenten season, and abstinence is enjoined upon the faithful. The most striking instance of self-denial is reported from a fashionable female boarding-school. The girls had been informed that in the penitential season "they should mortify the flesh by denying themselves some particular article of food." The next day the spokeswoman told the principal that they had unanimously resolved to "give up hash."

In Vienna a prominent lady may be seen almost daily promenading with a young child by her side. Her face was once well known all over the gay capital, and was noted for the gay good humor expressed in the strongly marked Jewish features. Four years ago she was simply Hedwig Stein, the popular Cantatrice. To-day she is known as the saddened Princesse Rudolph von Lichtenstein.

Irish repartee is proverbial. Last week a wealthy boarder at one of our most prominent hotels addressed a porter rather brusqely, who was waiting near his room: "Hallo! you fellow, do you wait me?" The answer was neat: "No sir, I am waiting for a gentleman!"

The following book should be found in every library, as the title alone would prove attractive: "Göring über die Porabrommetasulphenylpropionsaüre und die Metasulphenylpropionsaüre."

Local Lines.

The lecture, which it was contemplated would be delivered before the Young Men's Hebrew Association, has been deferred.

A domino surprise leap-year party was tendered to Miss Ida Rosenberg, at the hospitable residence of her parents, 532 O'Farrel street, Wednesday evening. Friends to the number of thirty participated and a very merry evening was spent.

Abraham Scholle, a former resident of San Francisco, died in New York, Monday morning. The deceased was a brother of William and Jacob Scholle of this city. He was 64 years of age and leaves four children to inherit his good name and fortune.

The trial of King David by the Theanthropic Society, which has lately caused considerable stir in the rank and file of theological students and thinking laymen, will be again resumed on Sunday next. Dr. Bettelheim's arguments will be looked forward to with considerable interest, as it is conceded on all sides that from his standpoint the case has assumed the strongest defense. The learned gentleman has, in this controversy, maintained his reputation as a profound Biblical and Hebrew scholar. Dr. Platt's presentation of the case was very interesting and convincing to the large majority present. He dealt out powerful blows against the able prosecutors, Messrs. Battersby and Ladd.

The solving of the new Fifteen Puzzle, seems to be the special mission of some of the members of the Y. M. H. A. Judging from the appearance of the rooms, the other evening, the observer must have been struck with the idea that the national question would be solved there and then. W—— sat by a table, with his head resting on one hand, and with the other shoving the little blocks into their places, intently evolving his theory that 13, 15, 14, would come out all right, if he was allowed to shove only long enough. L—— excitedly shouted to T——, "I've got it this time. This is the theory. You take 13, put it behind 9, and keep on shoving!" A general shout, and a crowding around L.'s table greeted the exclamation. "Go on; show us how it's done." L. set to work. Alas, in vain! L.'s shoving would not set 13, 15, 14, in right order. In the meanwhile W.'s endeavors were crowned with success. "Hurrah! I've done it!" Immediately the crowd adjourned to W.'s table. Sure enough; there were the numbers exactly as they should follow in rotation, but the explanation was wanting. W.'s face, red with excitement, expressed nothing but blank amazement. This was at ten o'clock in the evening, and it was evident that W. would be a perfect lunatic before morning if his friends did not rescue him. Piteously clasping his hands he begged for five minutes more. This was granted him. Again five minutes more were asked and granted; thus the hour flew by. At eleven o'clock it became necessary to entice him from the room. On the way home he still muttered "13, 14, 15, take 9, etc., etc." We are happy to state that his recovery is quite complete; but at the mere mention of 15 his eyes assume an eager glassy look, and he is heard to articulate "13, 14, 15, take 9, etc., etc."

A most agreeable surprise party was tendered ro Mr. George Aronson, the worthy and deservedly popular President of the Congregation "Sherith Israel," at his residence, 514 Eddy street, last Monday evening, the 15th inst. It was the anniversary of his 65th natal day, and his friends desiring to do honor to him, improvised the above method, and the surprise of the recipient was evidently so complete that his feelings were entirely overcome. After receiving the hearty congratulations of his numerous friends, the company entered with keen zest into the spirit of the occasion. At one o'clock the assembly partook of an elegant collation furnished by the visitors, and after doing justice to the viands, offerings were made to the health and long life of Mr. Aronson and his family. Impromptu speeches were made by the several gentlemen present, and at about three o'clock the company dispersed. The following ladies and gentlemen were present: Messrs. and Mesdames F. Philips, L. Leszynsky, R. Samisch, M. Davidson, M. Berliner, A. P. Craner, M. Feder, S. Jacobs, Goodman, W. Caro, Sanger, J. Merzbach, S. Zekind, M. Phillips. Mrs. M. Goldwater, J. Tash, Priebatch, Honig. Misses M. Brieger, A. Horwitz, Rose Aronson, Gussie Lewis, Theresa Zekind; Mr. P. N. Aronson, of Jacinto, Dr. J. Franklin, W. Kierski; Master Geo. H. Zekind, Mr. S. Franklin, Mr. J. Goldwater.

The Fifteen Puzzle.

The fifteen puzzle calamity has swooped down upon our unhappy town like a cloud of grasshoppers upon an Iowa wheat field. If the end of this, the latest craze, is to be judged by its beginning, the Commissioners of Lunacy had better at once make application for an increase of crazy house accommodations to the Legislature before that body adjourns. That so simple and silly a problem as the shifting of little wooden blocks, numbered from one to fifteen respectively, should keep sensible people from attending to the regular duties of a stern life, is a striking proof of the degeneracy of our times. No elevated and culturee mind would bestow more than a passing thought upon it, and in order to save the readers of THE JEWISH TIMES all unnecessary trouble we will just work out the problem for them, willing as we ever are to sacrifies our valuable time in order to insure their comfort and well-being. With this purpose in view we have purchased the puzzle. The blocks are well mixed and look as innocent as baker's bread. We just bring the one into the upper left corner; this is easy; the two also falls quickly into line. However we will just give the solution of the last two tows. 13, 14, 15, 11, 9, 10, 12, —, —, ——. (The foreman informs us that 'tis time to close the forms for press. If before our next issue the solution is reached, our readers shall be apprised of it.)

Married.

ARNSTEIN—MANDELBAUM.—In this city, March 17, at the residence of the bride's parents, No. 511 Van Ness Avenue by Rev. Dr. Elkan Cohn, Ludwig Arnstein to Mercedes Mandelbaum, both of this city.

LEVY—BLOCH.—In this city, March 7, by Rev. Dr. Elkan Cohn, Lewis Levy to Pauline Bloch, both of this city.

SELLING—HESS.—In this city, at Concordia Hall, by Rev. Dr. Elkan Cohn, Ben Selling of Portland, Or., to Miss Tillie Hess, of this city.

KASKELL—LASKY.—In this city, March 14, at the residence of the bride's parents, by Rev. H. Schwartz, Charles Kaskell to Esther Lasky, both of this city.

STEINBACH—KOHN.—In Portland, Or., March 16, at the residence of the bride's parents, by the Rev, S. May, Mr. A. B. Steinbach of San Jose, Cal., to Miss Cecelia Kohn.

GATTMAN—LESSMAN.—In Sacramento, March 14, at the residence of the bride's parents, by the Rev. Simon Gerstmann, Mr. Julius S. Gattman to Miss Tracy Lessman, both that city.

Born.

MISH—In this city, March 15, to the wife of B. Mish, a son.

COLMAN—In this city, March 14, to the wife of M. Colman, a son.

Died.

PEYSER—In this city, March 16, Abraham Peyser, aged 27 years and 9 months.

Music and the Drama.

Baldwin's Theatre.

At the Baldwin nothing new was produced since Clara Morris' consumptive heroines gave up the ghost. The well-worn "Two Orphans" was produced Sunday night for a sort of makeshift. The houses were infinetisimal, and as for the ability of the company as shown in the play, it ranked with the size of the audience. Mr. O'Neil, as Pierre, is anything but a success, while Miss Beaudet's stilted and declamatory style was totally unfit for the part of Louise. Miss Revel is an excellent soubrette and character artist, but as Marianne, she was over-weighted. The rest of the cast does not call for special mention, ranging from bad to execrable. Alberry's exquisite comedy—for which, by the bye, the author gets no credit on the Baldwin bills—will be produced Friday evening.

Bush Street Theatre.

Mr. Sothern entered his third week with Robertson's "David Garrick." Whatever merit the comedy has, Mr. Sothern brings out every point with masterly effect. The quiet scenes were well managed, and Mr. Sothern has shown effectually that he can do work far above the Dundreary level, when called upon. Although Miss. Stewart has not been called upon hitherto to do any very difficult work, her artless and efficient performance of Ada Ingot stamps her at once as an artiste, who in time, will make her mark. Mr. E. Lamb, as Squire Chivey, made a decided hit, his drunken scene being funny without entering into any of the coarseness generally indulged in by low comedians. Miss Le Clair as Mrs. Smith, acted the part with a great deal of vigor, and created a deal of amusement by her assumed dialect and quaint costume. The weak personage in the caste was the Squire Ingot of Mr. Blakely, who lacked the dignity and pathos which the part requires In certain scenes. "Home," and a "Regular Fix" will be the bill for the balance of the week. "The Hornet's Nest" is announced for next Monday.

German Theatre.

The poorest house of the season greeted the young artiste, Mr. Oscar Diehl, at his benefit last Sunday night. "Lumpaci Vagabunders" is not a play calculated to draw large houses, and certainly the performance of last Sunday night merited little better than the small number of people who witnessed it. Messrs. Reiffarth, Urban and Diehl were the trio of comedians, and whether the smallness of the house dampened their spirits, or whether they were overweighted with the parts, it is hard to determine. Altogether, the performance was the worst ever witnessed on the German stage. The height of ridicule was reached when poor Miss Meyer stepped upon the stage as the fairy Amoraso, dressed in the wornout garments of some fourth rate ballerina. Miss Theodore Nundt will take her benefit Sunday night.

Fraternal Societies.

As it is intended to make this coolumn of general interest, communications upon subjects contained in this column will be gladly received and impartially treated.

Free and Accepted Masons.

"SIT LUX ET LUX FUIT."

There are in this State several societies similar to the one, of whose organization in New York a full account is published on our first page, and though they call themselves "Masons," we are unable to judge of their pretensions to this name, because of the veto thrown upon our visiting them by the Grand Lodge of the State. The writer was conversing, sometime since, with a very intelligent Chinaman who belongs to one of those so-called "Masonic" societies, and who pretends to be a member of the Mason'c

Fraternity, and received the Entered Apprentice sign from the Chinaman, who, however, was very loth to communicate much upon the subject, because of what he said was his "obligation." It does seem unfortunate that the Grand Lodge forbids intercourse with those who claim to have a kindred fraternity, but whom we dare not recognize on account of the "exclusive territorial jurisdiction" claimed by the Grand Lodges in the United States. This claim, though perhaps one of necessity for the Grand Lodges, is clearly contrary to the true spirit of Freemasonry. An organization which from its earliest infancy has had for its object, among other things, the breaking down of all barriers between man and man, should be the last to cling with such tenacity to these antiquated ideas. It is now seventeen years since slavery has been fully abolished in this blessed land, and yet all over this United States, even in the most ultra Northern State, colored men are neither admitted as members of our society, nor are their lodges recognized by the "white" Grand Lodges. Yet the negro Masons claim, and not without some show of justice, that their lodges are just as regularly constituted as those to which the white men belong. This is all the result of the "exclusive territorial jurisdiction" claim, and does not reflect any credit whatever upon those who arrogate it to themselves. The question of the negro Masons is one that must eventually be met fairly and squarely, and the sooner we set about the task the better it will be. The nineteenth century is eminently the "Age of Light," and our Fraternity ought not to be the avowed bulwark of opposition to that sentiment. The motto at the head of this column should be our guide; "God said, *Let there be light, and there was light!*"

Knights of Pythias.

California Lodge, No. 1, worked the third rank on two candidates, at the Convention last week, and conferred the first rank on one candidate last night. The officers of this Lodge deserve special commendation for their knowledge of the Ritual.

Myrtle Lodge, No. 16, conferred the third rank at its convention on Tuesday evening.

Metropolitan Lodge, No. 24, was visited on Monday evening by a large delegation from Alameda Lodge, No. 49, of Alameda. Under the head of "Good of the Order," addresses were made by P. C. Wise, Nichols, Barker, Robinson and others. Metropolitan Lodge has applied to the Grand Chancellor for a dispensation to open the Charter so as to admit candidates at the minimum rates. The same Lodge will have its quarterly social about the middle of April, and great efforts are being made for an unusually successful affair.

On Tuesday evening, District Deputy Grand Chancellor A. L. Heiman, accompanied by other officers of the Grand Lodge, installed the following officers of Excelsior Lodge, No. 12, viz.: C. E. Baker, V. C.; F. E. Hackney, P., and Archie Lauriston, K. of R. and S. All the newly installed officers were elected last week to fill vacancies, and are prominent and faithful members of the Order. Appropriate addresses were made.

The name and address of the present Grand Chancellor is, "S. L. Terry, Stockton, California."

I. O. B'nai B'rith.

Some time since, an unwise change in the Ritual of another Jewish Order caused one of the Districts to rebel, and as a consequence, the whole District was suspended. Now we are informed that the rebellious lodges propose to join in a body another Order. In these times, when every man thinks and acts for himself, the day for keeping down sensible people, and stuffing nonsense down their throats, has passed away forever. Will the Constitution Grand Lodge of B'nai B'rith heed the warning? Because the handwriting already commences to be visible on the wall.

Druids.

Galileo Grove was instituted last Sunday, at Druid's Hall. The Grove has 41 charter members, and will work in the Italian language. The officers of the Grand Grove officiated.

Knights of the Golden Rule.

A petition for a new "*Castle*" of this Order, to be located in this city, has been forwarded to the Supreme Castle. The petition contains over one hundred signatures, and among them are some of our best citizens, including several judges and lawyers.

O. K. S. B.

The amount of the alleged defalcation of Berthold Landau, the missing Treasurer of District Grand Lodge No. 4, Kesher Shel Barzel, is about $36,000. This amount is not a complete loss, since there are assets amounting to $26,000. The Grand Lodge loses, therefore, but $1,000. The bondsmen are liable but for $3,000. With all the omissions of the Order on this coast, they have never been so ignorant of business principles as to be contented with an insufficient Treasurer's bond.

Knights of Honor.

A meeting of Past Dictators of the Knights of Honor was held at B'nai B'rith Hall last evening, to take the inital steps for the formation of a Grand Lodge for this coast. John H. Crocker of Ivy No. 1,716, presided, and William Kierski of Norman No. 1,841, acted as Secretary. J. A. Cummings, Supreme Director, Boston, communicated by telegram that he would arrive here on the 23d instant, and instructing the Past Dictators to call the meeting for the organization of the Grand Lodge on the 24th instant. The Committee on Banquet to the Supreme Dictator reported progress, and were continued with power to act. There are now seventeen lodges in San Francisco, and thirty-eight in the State, with a membership of nearly 2,000. The whole membership of the Order is about 75,000.

Found Letter.

——— ———, CAL., March 16.

DEAREST REBECCA: This is the queerest place you ever saw. I have been here just one month, and I feel exactly as if I'd been vegetating all that time, and am now about ready to go to seed. I am living with my sister, who, no doubt, you'll remember. She married L———, who came to this country only a few years ago, practiced his art (glazier) for a month or two and then went into the mercantile business, in which he prospered so well, that in two years he was enabled to pay his creditors ten per cent. on the dollar three different times; since when he is flourishing. My sister has been married about five years, and I am happy to state is blessed with four children, who are real good in their way; of course, you know my dislike to children as a rule, so I need hardly tell you that I am not especially in love with them—but I will not bore you with a recital of my sister's surroundings. I will tell you about my neighbors and of myself; that I am sure will interest you. Well, then, here in ——— we have real nice society; of course, it's nothing compared to San Francisco, but then it's all that ——— can afford, so I must put up with it. We have SCHULE every Saturday morning, and, of course, it is expected that I should attend, since I am the belle of the place. Oh, Beccy! you ought to see the airs I put on. I tell them they ought to have an organ, and that I would play on it if they had (of course I don't tell them I took only three months' lessons in my life), and that I could sing for them. Talking about singing, we had a small party the other day; there were only three young ladies present besides myself, they are all real nice, but gracious! what guy's! There's Rachel ———, she's at last twenty-two, and, would you believe it? she says she never used paint or powder in her life. Just think of her telling me that, I who know all about such things, having used the articles before I wore long dresses. Well, at the party, in she walked in the most dowdy white muslin you ever saw, ironed perfectly stiff with a broad pink sash around her waist, and blue ribbons on her corkscrew curls. Just as she entered I was talking to Moses ———, the clerk in my brother's store; and no sooner did I set my eyes on her, than I wanted to laugh, and I think I smiled, because just then Moses gave me an awful look, and walked away. And I remembered the time I smiled he was showing me a ring he wore—I guess he thought I laughed at his ring; and while I think of it, it did look as if it had been bought at a dollar store. Well, pretty soon Rachel L——— was introduced. She spoke to me but a few moments and I could see she was all made up. Of course it was well enough for her to use paint, but why does she deny it, and then put it on so thick and so awfully bad? Then there is a little girl, she's younger than I am, a little snip of a thing. Her real name is Sarah A———, although she insists upon being called Sadie, and is awfully impertinent. She told me that evening that she was sorry I had a sore face, and she must have known well enough that it was pieces of court plaster stuck on my chin and cheek to draw attention. To be sure, they may have been a little larger than we wear in San Francisco, but you know in the country one feels so much like piling it on, that if a little mistake is made they ought not to notice it. The worst of it was she told it before Hyam ———, the butcher, and he advised me in an awful loud whisper, to take something for my blood, because, he said, he was always affected in the same way, in the spring time. Then I was introduced to Miss Carrie H———, a real nice, sweet little thing, who lived in San Francisco for some time and knows all our ways. I don't like to be mean, and say things that seem unkind, but I would just like to take that Rachel L——— and give her a good talking to. You know that heavy cable chain I got only two weeks before I left the city. To be sure, it wasn't real, but then the jeweler said it would wear like gold, and of course the jeweler told the truth. Well, that evening I wore the chain, and Carrie told me that she heard Rachel tell Moses that Hyam said that my chain wasn't gold, because a chain like that would cost at least one hundred and fifty dollars, and that I never had so much money in my life. I'll never wear the horrid thing again. Then, to make matters worse, at supper time my brother-in-law came up to me with my sister on his right arm, and his oldest child in the other, and looked as black as thunder. I asked my sister afterwards what it was for, and she said it was because the supper cost one dollar and a half apiece, and I acted so stuck up none of the young men dared to ask me to go to supper with them. I noticed that Moses and Hyam and several others were sitting all alone eating as if they were preparing for *Yom Kipur*. My poor brother-in-law couldn't eat a great deal because the supper cost him four dollars and a half, and I guess he was calculating how many yards of calico he'd have to sell to make it up. My sister urged him to eat; she even stuck a whole lot of things in her pocket and made me do it too, because, she said, it would cost just as much. I am sure I never saw people eat so voraciously in my life; and besides that, they carried away with them just as great a quantity as they consumed. My brother-in-law said that they charged too much for supper, and he got awful angry when I told him that people paid for one supper and carried away enough for another. He said that it was wrong for the others to do it, but seeing that he got suppers by the wholesale, he ought to have these little privileges; but he didn't say anything about how my sister made her little girl creep under the table to pick up her pocket-handkerchief when the man came around to collect the supper tickets. We are going to have private theatricals next week. I don't know what we're going to play. Moses and Hyam are getting it up, and of course I will be asked to play a part. I'll be real glad; anything for a change. You don't know how tired I am of cutting bread and butter for the children. I read somewhere, I think it must have been in one of Mrs. Braddon's sweet novels, that a man fell in love with a girl while she was cutting bread for the children. I am sure it was not so with Hyam—he came in with the meat the other day and saw me cutting bread—great big hunks. He turned around to my sister and asked her how much it costs her for bread every day. My dearest Beccy, my letter is getting long, and I hear the children telling their mother they are hungry. I wonder why children are always hungry? I must go down stairs; they are calling me. Good bye. Answer soon. I'll tell you more in my next. Yours, as ever.

HANNAH ———,
From the Country.

MISS REBECCA ———,
3291 T——— St., S. F.

The States.

CINCINNATI, O.—Simon Moses, aged 86 years, the oldest Israelite in the city, died on the 26th ult. He came to the United States fifty-eight years ago.

BALTIMORE, MD.—A branch of the "Alliance Israelite Universelle" has been organized.

LOUSVILLE, KY.—Rev. Dr. C. K. Jones of the Unitarian Church, lectured before the Y. M. H. A.; his subject was "California."

The New York *Times*, in its issue of 27th ult., thus expresses its views upon the recent agitation in Germany against the Jews: "The war which has for some time raged in Germany between the natives and the Jews, seems to rather increase than diminish in intensity. It is something more than a popular prejudice, it is a national passion, and the ablest, most dignified and learned men have ranged themselves on either side. To us here, it seems very strange that such a contest of races can be going on in a land of so much intellectual and liberal pretention, and in the year 1880, too. The crime of the Jews appears to be comprehended chiefly in their financial prosperity. No sin is so great as success in the eyes of the non-successful. The charge is made that of the 600,000 Israelites in Europe, hardly any engage in agricultural or mercantile pursuits; but that they control trade, rule the money market, and are eating up the country with their avarice and usury. They are not materially different from the rest of the human family. They engage in such occupations as they are best adapted to, and find the most profit in. They excel in buying and bartering; why should they quit the market for the field and workshop, where they could not earn a living? They have no monopoly of their callings, which are open to all alike. Commerce is as moral, as noble, as patriotic, as tilling soil or making tools. If the Jews in Germany were poor, they would not be attacked. But they are, many of them, very rich; and this is their offense. The prejudice against them seems to be only another phase of the capital and labor question. No one assumes that they are more wicked or criminal than other people. The civilization of the Germans is comparatively new, and the present hostility to a race who have done nothing more than to make money, would indicate that their civilization is far from complete. Violent prejudices against races are not rare, unhappily, in other States claiming to be enlightened; but it is also most unprecedented that the ablest and most scholary minds should be, as they are in Germany, so violent and virulent without any just or tangible cause. It is enough to make one think that over there the age has slipped back several centuries."

Foreign.

England.

BRISTOL.—On Wednesday, the Rev. Joseph Benjamin, for nearly forty years the Second Minister of the Hebrew Congregation, died at a very advanced age. The deceased was widely esteemed and respected, and had greatly endeared himself to the members of the congregation which he had faithfully served for so long a period.

LONDON.—A committee has been formed to collect funds for the relief of the famine-stricken districts in Kurdistan and Armenia. Sir Moses Montefiore, Baron Henry de Worms, Sir Julian Goldsmid, Sir Barrow Ellis, K. C. S. I., Sir Albert Sassoon, K. C. S. I., Mr. Frederick Mocatta, and the Rev. A. Loewy are members. Mr. Alfred Henriques is the Treasurer.

Germany.

STRASBURG.—M. Arnaud Aron, the venerable Chief Rabbi of Strasburg, celebrated his golden wedding on the 8th. M. Aron has been the spiritual chief of the Jewish community of Strasburg since 1853.

GERMANY.—Prof. Daniel Sanders has been decorated by the Grand Duke of Mecklenburg-Strelitz with the Gold Cross of the Wendische Crown. A brother of this gentleman is the only Jewish Senator in the Grand Duchy.——In the town of Plau (Mecklenburg), Herr Nathan Elkan, who has been for nearly sixty years President of the Hebrew Congregation, celebrated on the 5th of January his "diamond" wedding. The day was festively observed both by Jews and Christians.——At Charlottenburg, the Chairman and Secretary of the Municipal Council are both Jews. At a recent election of six members of that body, two of the successful candidates were likewise Jews.——The municipal elections which have recently taken place in the towns of Upper Silesia, have, in several instances, had triumphant results for the Jews. Notably was this the case in Kattowitz, where, of the thirty elected members, fifteen are Jew.——The Council of the Jewish community at Frankfort-on-the-Main has been discussing the question whether the dissection of the corpses of Jews should be permitted. There has been considerable difference of opinion on the subject, the Rabbi of the "Reform" Congregation being in favor of, while the orthodox Rabbi is opposed to dissection. The Council have, however, decided the question in the negative.

France.

THE Jewish Committee of Benevolence at Paris, has received 178,000 francs from ten Jewish houses of business to be distributed among the poor of that city, without distinction of creed. Baron Edmond de Rothschild has contributed another 10,000 francs for the benefit of the Jewish poor.

Russia.

WARSAW.—A few days ago Warsaw was the scene of a demonstration such as has not been seen in Poland since the insurrection of 1863–64. The occasion of it was the funeral of Ignaz Neufeld, a youth of sixteen, who had till recently been attending a gymnasium of the city, and who had been expelled from the school for taking part in the presentation of a wreath adorned with the national colors of Poland to Madame Modrezeveska, an actress. The boy had taken his punishment so much to heart, that he put an end to his life with a revolver. Although he belonged to an Israelitish family, the funeral procession, led by a rabbi, was attended by a throng of at least 10,000 persons, consisting of Poles and Jews, and including some of the most prominent citizens of both nationalities and confessions. The police did not interfere with the procession, only a few officers being told off to watch the proceedings. Not the slightest disturbance of the peace occurred of a nature to require the intervention of the authorities. The excitement among the population continues very great, and the Governor, General Count Kotzobue has ordered a commission of inquiry into the circumstances which led to the suicide, and to the consequent demonstration.

RUSSIA.—The *Golos* announced that in a synagogue at Siedltse, Russia, a large stock of catridges have been found belonging to two Hebrews, who have been placed under arrest.

Hermann's illustrated catalogue for spring and summer hats is a beautiful specimen of the printer's art, besides being a faithful index of the latest styles.

A young man, while attempting to fix a "misplaced switch" on a young lady's head, in a ballroom, stepped on her dress and "wrecked the train."

Washington Letter.

A DILATORY CONGRESS—THE LOBBY—AN OPPRESSIVE MONOPOLY—M. DE LESSEPS' RECEPTION.

WASHINGTON, D. C., March 8, '80

Speaker Randall still insists that it is probable that Congress will get away by the middle of May, but no one else agrees with him. The House will begin work in earnest on the appropriation bills this week, but Congress is more liable to be here in July than to adjourn finally before June. The debate in the Senate on Fitz John Porter's case promises to run a long time. Senators Bayard and McDonald both intend to speak in defense of Porter, and a number of other Senators are booked for speeches on one side or the other. The lobby, as a syndicate who have taken charge of the Geneva award, the lottery cases and divers and sundry other schemes in which there is supposed to be a few drippings, is now in full blast. The personnel of this syndicate, if given to Congress, would bring certain death to all the schemes they have in charge. It may be to the public interest to keep an eye on this syndicate. It isn't as pure as virtue itself, nor as strong as Hercules when its moral power is analyzed. But it is, nevertheless, after the drippings of unclean legislation.

ANOTHER MONOPOLY.

The application of the owners of the McKay sewing machine patent for an extension of their rights and monopolies, is now under consideration by the Senate Committee on Patents. Last year a similar proposition was embodied in the Omnibus bill, engineered by Senator Wadleigh, and failed with that measure in the House. The McKay monopoly is one of the most exacting of its class. The invention comprises a machine for sewing the soles of boots or shoes to the uppers, and is in use in all the large boot and shoe manufacturing establishments—being worked upon a royalty of one cent or more for every shoe made. The income arising from it is enormous, the stockholders receiving for many years over 140 per cent. per annum. Everybody connected with it, in fact, has become rich, and certainly, if the object of issuing patents for meritorious inventions is only to secure to the deviser a fair recompense for his labor, his mechanical skill or genius, in this case there has been no lack of appreciation. To extend the patent for anothrr term of years, would be little less than robbery. It does not tax the wealthier classes, who wear hand-sewed shoes, but comes out of the pockets of the middle and poorer classes, and goes into the pockets of people already made rich by their income from this patent.

DE LESSEPS' CANAL.

The Inter-Oceanic Canal Committee of the House has adopted the resolutions prepared by the sub-committee, and there is no donbt of their passage by the House. They re-affirm the Monroe doctrine, and assert its application to any canal that may be constructed across the Isthmus. There is no evasion or equivocation, but a simple, emphatic declaration of National policy.

Lieutenant Wyse, who is in the city with Ferdinand de Lesseps, is the sc of Letitia Bonaparte, one of the most noted of the women of that remarkable family. De Lesseps, his chief, is very much gratified by the reception accorded him in this country. He is enthusiastic over his scheme, and talks of it as *au fait accompli*.

The Board of Health and Chinatown.

The Inspectors appointed by the Board of Health to abate the nuisance in Chinatown have been making considerable progress. Within the past week 235 Chinese from the Santa Cruz road have vacated the premises at 716 Dupont street and sailed for Oregon. Many others have emigrated form San Francisco.

Messrs J. C. Stedman and John Hoesch, who were appointed Inspectors by the Board of Health, began the work of inspection near the corner of California and Dupont streets, and have inspected four blocks.

The Chinese inhabitants of that quarter have sustained the health authorities in a measure that was unexpected. Last Saturday the Chinese newspaper contained an article advising the resident Mongolians to obey the instructions of the Health Officer, but to satisfy themselves that the orders for the abatement of nuisances came from persons who were properly authorized to issue the same.

The result is that many plumbers have been engaged to connect water-pipes with sewers, and perfect an effective system of drainage.

The Inspectors say the Chinese are painting, whitewashing and cleaning up generally. The condition of the Chinese quarter has been materially improved. It is difficult, however, to enforce the cubic air ordinance, because white residents who own property in that section say it is unjust. Several have refused outright to comply with it. According to its provisions, a room 10x6 feet and 8 fert high, does not contain air sufficient for one person.—*Bulletin.*

"What are we? Inhabitants of the earth. What is the earth? A tiny heavenly body. A single wave of the ocean can bury this intelligent ant's heap called mankind, with all its works and all its history. We cannot reach the world-spirit with the powers of our understanding, even if scientists were to bring to light plain traces of a creative and a regulating mind. The ways of the Lord are said to be inscrutable—still more inscrutable is he himself."—*Die Vorurtheile der Menschheit, by Hellenbach.*

Notes.

Germany needs to borrow the Connecticut tramp law, as it is infested with 40,000 tramps.

"Pinafore" has been translated into Russian, and Buttercup will appear on the bills as Churncreamofcowski.

There are 4,500 papers printed in Germany. Of these five were started in the 17th, and forty-six in the 18th century.

A toy balloon sent up recently from Manchester, Eng., as an advertisement, was found the next day in a village in the north of Italy.

The losses of farmers in Great Britain last year, on account of the adverse season, are estimated at from £100,000,000 to £150,000,000.

The shareholders of the Glasgow Tramway Company have voted by a large majority to run their street-cars on Sunday.

The population of Finland is manifesting a desire for independence. The movement is believed to be a serious one, and founded on widespread national feeling.

No man comes to his best development of manliness till he has looked the wolf out of countenance. It is a heavy strain on your nerve, but it is one of God's processes.

It is lamentable, that many who once found it good to draw near to God in secret prayer, either wholly or in part should omit it. Let me say to such persons: Call to mind the former days.

Poverty and Debt are the professors in God's University, to whom is committed the perfecting of the Senior Class. The lessons are long and hard, but that is the way ability is matured.

A workingman in Manchester, Eng., ercently gave an "object lesson" that was full of meaning. Taking a loaf of bread to represent the wages of his fellow-workmen, he cut off a moderate slice, saying to his audience, "This is what you give to the city government." A larger slice which he then cut off he said, "is what you give to the general government." Then with a vigorous flourish of his knife he cut off three-quarters of the loaf, saying, "This is what you give to the brewer." Only a thin slice then remained, the greater part of which he set aside for the "public house," leaving only a few crumbs, "and this you keep to support yourself and family."

Bush Street Theater.

CHARLES E. LOCKE, - Proprietor.

LAST WEEK BUT ONE OF

MR. SOTHERN.

AND HIS COMPANY OF COMEDIANS.

This Friday Evening, March 19th.

Every night during the week (including Sunday) and Saturday Matinee.

T. W. Robertson's Grand Comedy, entitled

Home!

Col. John White (his original part) - - - - - - - - MR. SOTHERN.

To conclude with Mr. Sothern's eccentric specialty,

A Regular Fix!

Hugh de Bras - - - - - MR. SOTHERN.

Monday, March 22—Last week of MR. SOTHERN. In preparation—THE HORNET'S NEST.

☞ Seats secured one week in advance.

A. SHAEN, Hair Dressing Establishment, 321 Bush Street.

CHARLES DIETLE,

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BOOT MAKER.

NO 235 BUSH STREET,

Occidental Hotel, - SAN FRANCISCO.

The Finest Quality and Latest Styles of Custom Work Neatly Executed.

Repairing Done at Short Notice!

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Bay City Market, 1142 Market St., near Taylor.

Bet. Mason & Taylor, - SAN FRANCISCO.

(One block from B'nai B'rith Hall.)

OYSTER GROTTO.

OPEN DAY AND NIGHT!

Eastern Oysters, California Oysters, and all kinds of Shell Fish fresh from the bay every day. Fresh Baltimore and Transplanted Oysters and Salad Dressing—the finest in the market. Chops, Steaks, Tea, Coffee, Chocolate and Ice Cream. Family orders promptly attended to, and delivered free of charge; also, Restaurants, Hotels, etc. Country orders made a specialty. The best brands of liquors, wines and cigars constantly on hand. Branch: Stalls 20 and 21 Centre Market, Sutter Street. Open from 5:00 A. M. till 5:00 P. M. Orders by telephone promptly attended to.

☞ After 5 P. M., all orders must be left at 1140 Market St.

STANDARD AUTOMATIC

Gas Regulator.

Economy is Wealth.

Twenty-five to thirty-five per cent. saved in consumption of gas by adopting its use, and satisfactory light guaranteed.

Office, 202 Bush Street.

SAM. FRIEDMAN,

Finest brands of

CIGARS AND TOBACCO,

311 BUSH ST., - San Fancisco.

The Jewish Times

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

San Francisco, Friday, March 19, 1880.

Two Sides to a Frolic.

Bert was on one side of the fence, and the boys on the other. His hand was on the gate, but he had not quite made up his mind to open it.

"Oh, come on," said Val Morton. "What is the use of moping in the house such a splendid night as this? Come on and have some fun."

"I ought to study my Latin," said Bert, reluctantly, as he remembered the long, dry lesson.

"Bother the Latin; it's no use, anyway. I'd like to see anybody getting those irregular verbs out of me," said Will Moore.

Bert laughed a little at the idea of getting anything out of Will's brain, that never had much but mischief in it, and then he slowly opened the gate, drew a long breath, and went out. It was a glorious night, with just enough frost in the air to make it cool and crisp, while the white moonlight almost revealed the colors of the maples that had been flaming all day in the hot sunshine.

"Where are you going?" asked Bert.

"Oh, just around town," said Val, carelessly, and at that moment they came opposite Dr. Parker's gate, which stood a little way open. In an instant Val lifted it off the hinges and laid it in the gutter.

"Teach him to keep his gate shut," laughed Will, and Bert laughed, too, though he felt ashamed of himself, for everybody liked Dr. Parker.

A few blocks further on were some wooden steps at the edge of the sidewalk. Will gave Val a nudge, and with one stout tug the steps were upset.

"That's too mean," said Bert. "Suppose some one should step off there?"

"Pooh!" said Val; "it is light as day, and nobody ever does go down there, except old Bijah, when he is in a hurry for his grog. Serve him right if he pitched over."

Bert knew he was in bad company; but he was beginning to enjoy the excitement of the adventure, and when Will proposed that they should carry off the sign from a little shop, and fasten it to the horns of Mrs. McPherson's cow, he was ready to lend a hand himself. Old Whitey, who was peacefully chewing her cud, was easily coaxed into an alley with a handful of turnips pulled from her owner's garden; and before she realized that any mischief was intended, she found herself blundering about with a board fastened over her face. The sign read, "Dressmaking and Fine Sewing; all kinds of Hair Work. Ladies' Hair Dressed in the latest styles."

The boys laughed so much over this that they were in danger of being found out. But at last Bert said he must go home, and that ended the frolic for the night.

In his own room he tried for a little while to fix his mind upon his lesson, but soon found himself laughing at the thought of the figure the cow would cut, and wondering where they would find her in the morning; so he tossed the book aside, and went to bed. This was one side.

The other side began the next morning, when, with Bert's first waking thoughts, came a consciousness of the unprepared lesson, and a dismal foreboding of failure, that brought him to the breakfast-table in anything but an amiable mood. His father was not there, but Aunt Margaret explained that he had had been called away to see a patient.

"It's that smart little Johnny Collins; he's twisted his ankle dreadfully; worse to manage than a broken bone, your father says, and may lay him up half the winter."

"How did it happen?" asked Bert, absently.

"That's the worst of it," said Aunt Margaret; "some mischievous boys, that ought to be sent to the reform school, upset the steps in front of the house."

Bert was wide enough awake now, and staring at Aunt Margaret with frightened eyes as she went on.

"Bijah was off on one of his drinking sprees, and his wife was so anxious for fear he'd lain down somewhere on the track, that she sent Johnny out to look him up. He ran out of the gate, boy fashion, and made a rush for the steps, never noticing they were gone, till he pitched down the bank with his foot twisted under him. He must have fainted and lain there some time before he managed to crawl back, and they didn't send for your father till morning. It does seem too hard for that poor woman. Johnny was her only dependence, and such a nice boy.

Poor Bert was fairly sick with horror at the unlooked for result of the mischief, for though he had made a feeble protest, he had really sanctioned it by his presence, and he knew that his father would say he was as much responsible as any one. His father! must he know it? Could he ever hold up his head again if such a disgrace came upon him.

"I'll never tell him," thought Bert; "it would not do the least good now, and it would nearly kill him. I've done with those boys, thought and with such frolics as they are up to."

But it chanced that Bert was not to have his own way about this matter. That evening when he came home smarting under the mortification of failure in his lessons, and a sense of remorse and shame at his own folly, his father called him into his study. For the first time in his life Bert really dreaded an interview with his father, and when he saw upon a chair the hairdresser's sign which he had helped to fasten upon Mrs. McPherson's cow, he was ready to sink with shame. His father talked to him quietly, telling him that for some time the neighborhood had been annoyed by the mischievous and malicious tricks of a set of boys, until some of the residents had determined that they would discover them and make a public example of them.

"If it could have been done sooner it would have saved a great deal of suffering to an innocent boy, but perhaps some serious warning was needed for those who do not hesitate to sacrifice their best friends to what they call fun. This morning Dr. Parker called me into his garden, and after showing me the mischief done to his choice vines and plants by some creature that had trampled over them, he told me that he found Mrs. McPherson's cow in the grounds with that sign tied to her horns. The gate had been taken from the hinges, and the animal had apparently been driven about to do as much damage as possible. It seemed almost incredible that any one would have the boldness to avow such a piece of villainy."

Bert sat with his eyes fixed upon the sign, unable to move or speak, but at that instant he saw, written in pencil at the top of the board: "Compliments of Bert Andrews."

"How mean," he exclaimed angrily: "that is some of Will Moore's work."

"My boy," exclaimed his father, looking as if an immense burden had been lifted from him. "I shall be the happiest man in town to know that you had no hand in this rascally business."

Then Bert's heart fell again. He thought he had only shared in the fun, but he suddenly realized that his companions had so contrived that he should also bear the disgrace and the blame for the unlooked-for results.

After all, it was a relief to both father and son when the whole story was told. Bert was relieved at having made a full confession and feeling himself restored to his father's confidence, while his father was glad of the assurance that his boy had not been guilty of malicious mischief.

"Nothing more fortunate could have happened to you than that this very first adventure should bring you into trouble, for remember, my boy, that the acts themselves would have been just as disgraceful if things had not resulted as they did. The law does not trouble itself about intentions, but holds us responsible for the mischief which results, or which might be expected to result from our acts."

"Father," said Bert presently, "I hate to have the boys think I told of them."

"They seem to have had no scruples about telling of you," said his father. "I shall certainly go to their fathers and do what I can to save them from certain ruin. As for you, Bert, I advise you to go and have a talk with Dr. Parker."

Bert never reported his conversation with the good old minister, but they shook hands very cordially as they parted, and the doctor was often heard to speak of Bert as a "fine, manly fellow."

Bert likes fun as well as ever, but he has a habit of looking very cautiously at a frolic, to be sure there are not two sides to it, brfore he ventures in—an excellent habit to form.—*Emily Huntington Miller, in Church and Home.*

This is Leap Year—Why?

When the number of the year is divisible by four it is Leap Year, and such is the case with 1880. Just about the time this (the March) number of the *American Agriculturist* reaches its readers—perhaps while thousands of boys and girls are looking over its pages, and even reading this very article—it will be the 29th of February—the Leap Year day, that comes only once in four years. Nearly a year ago we saw a little girl about three years old who had never had an anniversary of her birthday; but this year she will have one, and we hope it will be big enough to make up for all the misfortunes of being born on the 29th of the shortest month of the year.

"Leap Year," we have been told, "is an *odd* year": but it has just been shown that it is altogether *even*. Why is it odd? we may ask; and the reply comes: "It is the year when the boys are girls and the girls are boys, and everything is turned around." Oh! yes; we begin to see! They have "leap year parties," and "leap year rides," and "leap year this and that," and the girls do the inviting and driving and managing, and many of the "company" things which the boys claim for their own on other and ordinary years. It is said that such matters are sometimes carried so far that the young lady proposes to the young gentleman of of her choice, and he has the privilege of accepting or refusing as he sees fit. Well! we will admit it is an *odd* year, though it is *even* all the same. But why do we have leap years? There must be some good reason for adding one day to every fourth year as it comes round to us. What is it?

The earth moves around the sun once a year, as you all have learned from your geography. The time required for the earth to pass around and return to the place from which it started is called a *solar* or sun year—the year made by the heavenly bodies. In olden times, men did not know that the earth moved around the sun. If there was any moving, it was done by the sun they thought; and it did *seem* to move. To this day we all say the sun *rises* and *sets*. Knowing so little about the revolution of the earth, it was very hard for men to arrange the divisions of time so that they would correspond with the *solar* year. The *civil* year is the one made by man, and, like many human things, it was at first very imperfect—that is, the *civil* year and *solar* year did not correspond very closely. In the time of Julius Cæsar, the two kinds of years had got so out of place that the spring of the civil year came in midsummer. To use an illustration, we will have two cog-wheels that work into each other. If both wheels are in all respects alike, the same places will always come together at each revolution; but suppose one wheel is a trifle smaller than the other—the wheel representing the civil year smaller than the one of the solar year—then any points once together will keep getting farther apart. This was just the trouble between man's year and the natural year. Cæsar rearranged the civil year in 46 B. C., and introduced the system of having three years of 365 days and then one of 366—the additional day being given to February. The solar year is 365 days, 5 hours 48 minutes and 49½ seconds, so that Cæsar's year of 365¼ days, averaging the four, is about 11 minutes too long. The point is, to get these two years—the year of the heavens, which we cannot alter, and the year of the almanacs—to agree. Matters went on as they had been started by Julius Cæsar, with a loss of 11 minutes a year, until 1582, over sixteen hundred years, when it became evident that the little yearly loss was too great, and must be remedied. How could this be done was the question. At this time a Pope took the matter up—it was a time when Popes had great temporal power—and decreed that the fifth of October be called the fifteenth, and all the intervening days to be canceled. This only set matters right for the time being; but the same Pope, Gregory XIII, made it a rule that the *century years* not divisible by eight be not leap years. Thus, 1700, 1800 and 1900 are not leap years, according to the new rule. This omits three leap years in every 400 years. With this arrangement the civil and solar years almost coincide, the solar exceeding by only 22½ seconds, or a day in about 4,000 years—a matter too small to need attention.

Those who have followed us through, and we fear it has been rather dry for the younger readers, will see that it has been quite a hard matter to bring things around straight. The leap year comes from the fact that there is a fraction of a day in the solar year which it is not convenient to have in the civil, so we put enough of the fractions together to make a day, and have the extra one on the leap year, or every fourth year.—*American Agriculturist for March.*

Workers and Swells.

Only eight years ago, I used to see a good-looking, manly fellow, working daily around our house. He had charge of the horse and chopped the wood, and was glad and thankful to do any job, however menial, that would help him to get an education.

He is now a successful lawyer in Boston, with an income last year of five thousand dollars.

I think of another, a red-haired, rather diminutive young fellow, whom I used to notice as one of my earnest boys, who are to be heard from. He was a genuine Jack-at-all trades—would go down on his knees weeding the flower beds in a lady's front yard, ring the chapel bell, was commissary of an economical club, and took care of our good doctor's stables. He is now a very popular physician, at present abroad for a study of foreign hospitals. He can never be handsome, or of impressive presence, but it is energy and character that tells. He commands respect and confidence everywhere, and has a fine reputation, though still young.

A celebrated English lawyer once said: "The longer I live, the more I am certain that the great difference between men, the feeble and the powerful, the great and the insiginficant, is *energy*, invincible determination."

I recall an exquisite "fellah," who graduated when I was so young as to regard him as something very fine. He roomed at our house, and his father, rich and indulgent, saw that he had plenty of easy-chairs, and all the elegant furniture that he had been accustomed to.

Meerschaums adorned the mantel, and bottles, usually empty, his closet. He was always riding for his health, smoked expensive cigars, and was so sought by jolly companions that real study was quite a secondary matter. His sisters came to see him graduate; affected, patronizing creatures, elegantly dressed, who fanned languidly through dinner, toying indifferently with our comparatively simple fare.

"Poor Clarence!" they said, "what a slow time he must have had in this dull village! No theater nor opera—only digs, dig!"

Well, the wheel turned round, and his father's fortune disappeared, like many another fortune. He was trying, a few years since, to get a place to teach in a school for negroes in the South, and when last heard from was a *conductor on a Brooklyn horse-car.*

Ah, this being a "swell" is poor business! I can see before me in memory a slender, rather long-haired youth, with handsome, though somewhat shallow eyes, passing my window with an easy, nonchalant air, swinging a light rattan, and humming a popular air.

He affected the romantic style, and always was engrossed in several flirtations, which seriously interfered with his lessons. His father was a plain well-to-do farmer, but his son, James Moore, parted his black locks in the middle, played on the guitar, which on moonlight nights was swung from his neck by a red ribbon, troubador fashion—and he did sing charmingly. He also added Alphonso to his short and sensible name, and signed his notes on pink sheets, J. Alphonso Moore?

I know of an eccentric old gentleman who absolutely changed his mind and refused to give a scholarship to an otherwise unobjectionable young fellow who needed and deserved help, because the young man signed his name E. Wellman so-and-so, when he should not have been ashamed of *Ebenezer.*

"Jack, what relation to you is that old gentleman I saw you with this morning?" "O, not much; he's married to my grandparents' only daughter."

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TWENTIETH ANNUAL STATEMENT OF THE

EQUITABLE

Life Assurance Society of the U. S.

HENRY B. HYDE, President.

For the Year Ending December 31st, 1879.

AMOUNT OF LEDGER ASSETS, JAN. 1, 1879,		$34,195,368 53
Less depreciation in Government Bonds, and Appropriation to meet any depreciation in other assets,		296,545 79
		$33,898,822 74
INCOME,		8,374,080 85
		$42,245,903 59

Disbursements.

Paid Policy-Holders for Claims by Death, Dividends, Surrender Values, Discounted and Matured Endowments and Annuities,	4,988,871 09
Other Disbursements as per extended statement,	1,276,034 88
NET CASH ASSETS, Dec. 31, 1879,	$35,980,997 62

Assets.

Bonds and Mortgages,	$10,475,062 90
Real Estate,	8,204,796 02
United States Stocks,	5,488,978 85
State, City, and other Stocks, authorized by the Laws of the State,	6,696,039 53
Loans secured by United States and other Stocks,	3,673,700 00
Cash and other Ledger-Assets as per extended statement,	1,442,420 28
	$35,980,997 62
Market value of Stocks over cost,	348,006 17
Accrued Interest, Rent, and Premiums, as per extended statement,	1,037,837 96
Total Assets, Dec. 31, 1879,	**$37,366,841 75**
TOTAL LIABILITIES, including legal reserve for reinsurance of all existing policies,	$29,851,434 00
Total Undivided Surplus,	**$7,515,407 75**

Risks assumed in 1879, $26,502,541.00.

N. B.—For the details of the above statement see the Society's "Circular to Policy-Holders," and other publications for 1880.

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300	"		20 "	5	" " " "
500	to	$ 600	50 "	10	" " " "
700	"	1000	100 "	15	" " " "

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Reserve Fund, (Dec., '79) **$31,000.**

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J. WEST MARTIN - - - President

H. A. PALMER, - - { Vice-President and Treasurer

ASSETS, DECEMBER 31st, 1878.

Notes, secured by mortgages worth double the amount loaned,	$1,462,735 68
Notes, Personal securities	10,685 00
Bonds	99,206 66
Real estate	63,828 39
Cash on hand	67,517 31
Due from Banks	67,314 00
Miscellaneous	1,704 34
	$1,772,991 38
Due Depositors, Dec. 31st, 1878,	$1,267,530 40

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